

When A Jellicle Watches Star Trek

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Summary: (A Cats story) Pouncival a Trekkie? Try to imagine a cat with Vulcan ears and read this analogy of Cats obsessions.

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>
 It was the usual rather boring day in the Junkyard. There weren't many Jellicles there, and the few that were were bored miserable. The kittens in particular were listlessly draped over the old red car, looking forlorn and dull.

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 Jemima yawned. "Nothing to do," she said drowsily. Etcetera continued that thought. "Tugsy's not here yet...." "Neither is Pouncival," said Tumblebrutus a tad grumpily. Electra was about to respond in the drawling, drowsy manner of Jemima when a sight near the entrance to the Junkyard made her sit up and stare.

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 The other kittens whirled around to see what had made Electra pay attention. "P-pouncival?" Victoria stammered. "Is that... please tell me that's not you." The young brown and white tom smirked. "Indeed it is, Victoria!"

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 Tumblebrutus groaned and toppled off the car, landing, naturally, on his feet. He marched up to Pouncival and said "Get a LIFE, Pounci. And don't be a Trekkie."

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 Pouncival was dressed in a Starfleet uniform, with what looked like a phaser jabbed in his pocket, a com badge on his chest and a tricorder in his paw. He also had a grin from ear to ear (a considerable feat for a cat) stretching across his face. One might even say it was a smirk. "My human, Corinthy, was watching Star Trek:

The Next Generation last night," he shrugged. "What can I say? You might call it love at first sight."

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 "Or we might call it idiotic, you silly pollicle!" said Tumblebrutus angrily. He had put up with so many of his friend's foolish schemes and come-and-go obsessions that he'd gotten used to them, but -- "Trekkies are insane, Pouncival, please don't be one!"*

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 Pouncival narrowed his eyes. Pulling the phaser from his pocket (how he managed, don't ask. He hadn't got opposable thumbs), he aimed it straight at Tumblebrutus and pressed a small button on the side. Rather pathetic *fshoo, fshoo!* sounds came out of it. Tumblebrutus merely rolled his eyes.

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 "Umm," said Pouncival uncertainly, then he shrugged and stomped off, shouting back over his shoulder "Even Captain Picard has more respect for kittens!"

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 Tumblebrutus groaned and sat down heavily. "I cannot believe my best friend has become a Trekkie," he muttered. The other kittens sat down beside him. Jemima patted his shoulder comfortingly. "Aw, don't worry Tumble -- it's just like when he discovered anime, and Les Miserables, and Blink 182, and the Animorph books, and Buffy the Vampire Slayer, and Reboot and --"

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 "All right, all right, that's enough!" said Victoria. She rolled her eyes. "We get the point. It's just a come-and-go quick little fad which he'll get over quickly. I highly doubt he's going to don Vulcan ears and go to a convention. And anyway, he's a cat, would they let him in?"

>
 At this philosophical view, even Tumblebrutus grinned, but he had doubts....

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 It had been nearly a week, and Pouncival was still wearing the Starfleet uniform (though he had briefly donned the Vulcan ears that Victoria claimed he wouldn't, and had even applied some Klingon makeup to his face -- but it stuck to his fur), and still going on at length about the Borg, the Cardassians, the Federation, the Dominion, how inaccurate some of the Star Trek books were, the plot holes he'd found in last night's episode of Voyager, and whatever.

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 Most of the Jellicles were by this time going crazy.

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 The kittens met again at the old car to discuss the problem of Pouncival. Even Victoria reluctantly admitted it was long for an obsession of Pounci's: "The last 'session, what was it? Les Miz? lasted only four days. Then he saw ReBoot and decided he was Enzo."

>
 "So what do we do?" asked Etcetera. "Show him some other TV show and let him get obsessed about that?" Tumblebrutus shook his head grimly. An idea was forming in his mind... "No, don't provide him with another obsession... just take away the one that he has now."

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 The kittens were quiet for a moment. Then Jemima asked "So... what does that mean?" "It means," said Tumblebrutus, "that we take all his Star Trek stuff. Uniform, phaser, com badge, tricorder, fake Borg implants, Klingon makeup, Vulcan ears, rank pips, Star Trek videos, Star Trek books, and whatever else he has away from him. Hide it somewhere, or better yet, destroy it."

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 The kittens nodded. "That's a good plan, Tumble," Electra said. "But one flaw. How do we get the stuff?" Tumblebrutus' wicked grin stretched as far as had Pounci's smirk on the first day of his Trekkiedom. "I know just the cats who can help us...."

>
 "Y'want us t' 'elp you steal all Pouncival's Star Trek junk?" queried Mungojerrie, raising his eyebrow skeptically. Tumblebrutus nodded. "It's the only way to make him stop being a Trekkie without getting him started on some other obsession."

>
 He looked from the still skeptical Mungojerrie to the giggling Rumpleteazer. "Oh, please help us! Everyone knows you're the greatest cat burglars ever," he added, deliberately flattering them. Rumpleteazer laughed, a loud giggle which shattered Tumblebrutus' poor ear. "Ar, le's 'elp 'im, Jer! Twould be fun, and sides, like 'e said, we are the best burglars eva'." The vividly coloured orange tabby preened herself.

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 Mungojerrie shrugged. "Eh, why not. All roigh', we'll do it. On one condition. If we sees any loots worth pickin' up, we takes it, roigh'?" Tumblebrutus shrugged. "Sure. S'not my stuff anyway."

>
 Late that night, the Jellicles were still in the Junkyard. After all, they were cats, and cats were nocturnal. Jemima managed to get Pouncival aside, and ask him some question about Vulcans. "What are these alien things with the weird ears and the finger thing?" she asked.

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 Pouncival began expounding at great length about the Vulcans, while Mungojerrie, Rumpleteazer, and Tumblebrutus snuck into Pouncival's humans' house.

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 "That's the room where Pouncival sleeps," whispered Tumblebrutus. The humans of the house were fast asleep -- in fact, one was snoring -- so Mungojerrie opened the door very very quietly, and peeked inside. "Yeh, t'ere's some stuff in t'ere.. 'ang on, Oi'll get it. Teazah?" Rumpleteazer followed after him.

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 They soon emerged from the dark room once more, their bags bulging and the grins on their faces showing how much they loved to steal. "C'mon, tha's all!" whispered Mungo, and they all snuck out the same way they'd come in. Once outside, Tumblebrutus relaxed. "It's a good thing no humans woke up!" he said.

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 Mungojerrie sniffed haughtily. "'Umans, wake up at us? Not 'ardly! We's the best burglars evah was, isn't we, Teazah?" Teazer giggled loudly and nodded. "Indeed we is!" Tumblebrutus rolled his eyes. "Well, come on, we've got to hide this stuff before going back to the 'Yard."

>
 The Trekkish loot was deposited in the old red car, through the broken windshield. Then Teazer & Mungo returned to their home at Victoria Grove, and Tumblebrutus returned to the Junkyard. Jemima spotted him, and made her escape. Pouncival looked disgruntled at losing his audience, but soon spied Skimbleshanks and ran after him, asking if he was related to Scotty in any way.

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 Tumblebrutus was the one smirking now, as he related to the other kittens how easy it was to snatch the loot and hide it. He might be excused for exaggerating a bit and claiming that Mungojerrie nearly got caught, but he, Tumblebrutus, saved him by distracting the humans. The kittens, at any rate, listened in awe, mouths hung open.

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 "And so," Tumblebrutus concluded, "we cannot surrendur and give him back his junk. After all, this is a Junkyard, right? What better place for it?" The kittens agreed, and wandered off into the night.

>
 One day later, Pouncival staggered into the Junkyard. "Help... help... my Trek...!" he said wildly. Tumblebrutus, from the other side of the 'Yard where he was busily engaged doing flips, grinned and nearly broke his leg when he fell wrong, distracted by Pouncival's obvious panic.

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 The brown and white tom stumbled about looking frantic, then collapsed at the car. Jellylorum rushed over. "Oh dear, Pounci, what's the matter?" she asked in her usual maternal, anxious fashion. Pouncival moaned. "Someone's taken... all my.. my Star Trek stuff!" Jellylorum raised an eyebrow, and the maternal air was lost.

>
 "Is that all?" she asked, sniffing. "Well, good. I must say,

it's high time you'd paid attention to something other than that silly Star Walk stuff." "Not Star Walk, Star TREK!" said Pouncival. He moaned again, and hid his face in his paws while Jellylorum shrugged and walked off. She had no patience with such things.

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 Another week passed, and Pouncival's panic grew and grew. But then one day, a Tuesday to be perfectly precise, he came into the Junkyard with a smile on his face -- which he promptly landed on as he tripped over the long brown robes he wore.

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 Tumblebrutus' interest was piqued. "What in the Heavyside are you wearing that silly bath robe for?" he asked. "And have you finally stopped being so obsessed with Star Trek?" Pouncival nodded, grinning wickedly. "Quite," he said mischeivously, and pulled out a glowing green light saber.

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